Staying no longer queſtion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies ſpur was cold,
Of Hot-ſpurre, Cold-ſpurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
Earle Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life.
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*
Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe, *ton.*
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say Mourton, didſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt maske,
To fright our partie.
Earle How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpirritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou wouldſt ſay, Your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*